

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

immodest to the generation which grows up with it, and never knows anything else—we do not see that a dress could well be more "modest" than that of Dr. Walker. And while we should not like a lady friend of ours to make herself conspicuous, by wearing any novel attire—yet if she chose to wear such a dress as is described above, we should defend her right to do so.

In fact the Police Commissioner before whom Dr. Walker appeared, while defending the action of the officer who arrested her, said, "Don't arrest her again, officer. Let her go. She's smart enough to take care of herself. Never arrest her again."

Apropos to this matter, the citizens of every town and village in the Union should know that there is no stronger proof that they have never travelled, and are in fact the veriest "Philistines"—as the German students say—than smelling or jeering at strangers because of some peculiarity in their manners or attire. Half the time those who do this are only displaying their own want of knowledge of the manners and customs of the great world.

PERSEVERANCE.

Aspiration takes its rise generally in the consciousness of capacity. It is a divine hunger, a heroic yearning of the soul. Under its influence, Themes could not sleep, and it made Thespis, when but six years old, weep while Hercules was reading historic narratives to the Greeks at the Olympic Festival. It urges men to action. It is the spur, the impetus that forces them up to the rampart and over the walls, rousing them from the culum cum dignitate; buckling on their armor with a certain haughty and fiery indignation determined to overcome. Change is desirable, but it is not necessary to sit down with folded hands. A moment lost cannot be regained; while you are standing still all the world is going on; while you halt to ease your burden, and strap anew your knapsack, your comrades are marching onward—a moment and you will be late.

When Charles Lamb had been for thirty three years a clerk in the India house, he was released on a pension of four hundred and forty-one pounds a year. Writing to a friend soon after his release, he said, "My spirits are so tumultuous with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more of mind, to compose a letter." Not long, before his continued freedom became a jester to him. To relieve this, he was accustomed to take his dog and walk fourteen miles every day. A strong witness to the truth of what each one feels, that continued effort is necessary to every one who has been for years accustomed to regular occupation.

Suicide is no doubt in many instances the legitimate effect of the suspension of customary intellectual activity. While deeds of heroism from those who have passed years of indolent leisure, can only be accounted for in this manner. Montaigne's beggar, who, when advised by the philosopher "to go to work," looked up into his face with a somewhat air, "Oh, but if you knew how lazy I am, you would not be so very different from the hundreds of wretched men who one meets every day strolled from the effects of that fiery portion which unhumanizes humanity staggering under the weight of indolence. For if a man has nothing good to do, he will most surely do evil. There are two principles abroad in the world. Two masters who command the alleys of all. To one or the other of these masters we each belong—and it is of some consequence to us which.

Look at the beggar. Do you think he will lay up money? He is too indolent to become rich. Miser's work, but do these mendicants work? To eat, to drink, and to sleep, is their chief end and aim. But this was not always so. To one if you place a shilling in the hands of the beggar, and then draw him into telling you of himself, you will find that he once had the spirit of a man. Do not tell him as Montaigne did, and so too many good people of the present do, "to go to work." You must know that without aspiration and energy, he is far better fitted to hang than to work. But try with your best powers to awaken in him a desire to become a man. Remind him of the higher possibilities of his nature. Point him to the example of others. Show him that it is not too late—that the world has need of just such men as he is; make him see that he was, is, and must be a man; rouse him—he's enough in him—and ten chances to one he will leave your door determined to commence a better life—to work rather than to beg.

Look at this, it is not so far out of the way as you take it. Go into the cellar, attics and dens that so many in our own city call home, huddled together like brutes. Men, women and children, born there, die there, the old and the helpless. They were not always so. There goes a man, his face is not bad, his head is well shaped, he has the bearing of a man, but he has lost the spirit. He came to the city determined to do well, he had a trade, he succeeded for a time, then misfortune came, poverty pressed him, he tried in his feeble way to rise, he looked about for help, support, a word of comfort would have turned the scale; he failed to find it. A few dollars in money would have saved him, he found no one willing to make the loan. He was a man, but he felt that he was treated like a dog, he broke down under it, or rather he gave up. There he is, it is not too late, you might rouse him, might save him. You shake your head, and tell me they are all alike. I say to you, they are not. Encouragement is necessary to the strongest intellect that ever was created. True, the fire may burn for a time, the heart may strain like a fountaining vessel, and the brain reel with the infliction of effort, but the end will come—and when such an one gives up, the case is far more hopeless than with a more passive nature.

We do not need to go to beggars and imbeciles for example. The gifted Coleridge says, "I have practised with drops of agony on my brow"; and still was not able to rouse himself from apathy and indolence, and this for years. De Quincy was another. "Never was a beggar more miserable than he was when he first went to London, indeed he almost starved, and but for a poor 'lost' wretched named Ann, he would have died; and still that same Ann was scarcely aware, a man to charm you with the beauty of his words, the magic of his conceptions. Master of the most inimitable humor, he had a keen sympathy with whatever is general in human life, magnifying it in every manner, from the gay and lively to the caustic and severe, in every degree, from the quiet smile to the hearty laugh, taking one through the most delightful paths for the purpose only of developing some important truth, tossing his profoundest thought into the bilows of foam and sunshine, reposing in the sport as a child at play, and

still, poor and wretched as he was, he could not rouse himself. Another saved him. Not only those, but human nature is alike in all ages. It is not the street beggar alone who needs to rouse from the apathy that necessarily follows the daily struggle that so many are called upon to make, doing their best to breast the waves, baffled, but not overcome; trying again, throwing out their arms, but making no headway; depriving themselves of rest, scarcely stopping to eat, never resting, toiling, and revolving in exchange worse enough for daily bread, struggling to live, and yet praying to die. There is, I say, danger that such an one may forget that "to persevere" is the best remedy. Give up and go down with the current and you are lost.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This superior magazine for June leads off with a suggestive steel plate called "The Mother's Blessing," illustrating a romantic story. The fashions are distinguished as usual for elegance and appropriateness. Airlly graceful and delicately gay, they beat the month of roses, of summer skies, and soft south winds. "The Music Masters," a good wood cut, also illustrates a story. There follow some well chosen designs which the ladies will find useful, a Gored Dress, Oriental Bridal Pattern, The Spanish Fichu, Gravure Couture, fashionable caps and dresses. "The Old Family Clock," occupies the musical pages. Among the stories, "Which of the Two" is remarkably good, even for the genius and practiced pen of Louise Chandler Moulton; "Strategy," by Emma B. Ripley, is excellent, and so are "A New Bud on an Old Stalk," by Frances Lee; and "Sylvia Alswinor," a continue story by Harry Byrne. "The Amber Spirit," in a short and stirring article, with a quaint illustration. The poetry is by that gifted writer, August Bell, E. Margaret Starr, and others. In conclusion we see some picturesque bathing dresses, the usual attractive variety in the work-table department, Editorials, Receipts, and Fashions.

Price \$3.50 a year; 2 copies \$4; 8 copies (and one gratis) \$15. Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as premiums. Single numbers for sale by the news-dealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 819 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Music.—We have received from Frederick Blume, 308 Bowery, New York, the following pieces—

"THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW." Composed by Virginia Gabriel.
"NELLIE'S GONE FOR EVER," and "KA FOOGLES UW," a so-called Comic Song.

TO W. A. R. E.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What do you want to know? I don't believe it's from any father or mother as the case may be; I suspect that you take in me. It's only because I'm your. That's it. But for that, little you'd care whether I was black, white or gray. You fancy I'm a "queer thing," though, and you are curious about me, as you would be about the three-headed calf, or the fat woman.

Besides, I doubt if you want to know at all. Whether I'm the rabbit-like creature popularly supposed to be an essential to masculine domestic happiness, or whether I'm a female hornet-tamer. I believe it is all one to you. I guess you are trying to draw me out—make me quarrel. But I won't. I'm a man of peace.

Who am I? I'm a young woman of an affectionate disposition and good moral character, with my hair shingled. Moreover, I've a turn-up nose. Also, my hair is slightly tinged with gray from early piety, praying in damp cellars, and frequently having been disappointed in love. And I often say had health.

What am I? I'm a queer. At least such a thing has been hinted to me once or twice in my life. I'm "an ardent atheist?" Thank you. I think I'm about as honest as the majority of women—just about.

Have I an individuality, or am I the poor old stub of a half-worn out pen? Yes. Give you a frank account of myself? You're foolish, friend.

W. A. R. E., I thank you for your expression of interest. It is the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. It is music to my ears. It is like the divine harmony of a Campana playing Tramp-Tramp-Tramp. May you be happy. Thank you. Finally, I give you the Frenchman's benediction—May the Lord pardon you for many years!

Z.Z.

Post Scriptum. I'm a widow with seven small children, all of 'em white-headed.

Yours truly, Z.Z.

M. Jules Simon states, in his recent work on Labor, that there are beggars in Paris who have received alms from generation to generation for beyond the first Revolution—hereditary beggars, trained to beg and live as other people.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald asserts that the lake sturgeon now are fish for fuel. Huge sixty-pound sturgeons are being fired into the furnace. The oil assists the combustion of the wood—twelve sturgeons being equal to a cord of wood in the production of heat.

Gas is being introduced into Webster, Mass., and a lady in whose residence the fitters were putting the pipes inquired how often she must put in new wires.

In London recently a man named John drew himself with the note in his pocket, "Mrs. John, when you receive this note I shall be no more. You are the cause of my misery. I shall never trouble you again. The act I have committed will deprive you of all benefit from either cash or insurance." At the instant Mrs. John said her husband was a "brute."

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Signal of last week states that a few days since a coffin containing the body of a lady, was shipped from Parkersburg, West Virginia, on board the D. H. Becker, for transportation to Guerrant, county of Wheeling. Upon reaching its destination, and being opened by the friends, their horror and dismay may be imagined upon discovering that the unfortunate lady had evidently come to life during her incarceration within the narrow limits of her coffin. Her hands were up to her head, and the tangled and disordered hair gave evidence of a struggle which must have been as brief as terrible.

If a man is "stumped in poverty," won't it take all the strength out of him?

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

CORROBORATIVE TESTIMONY.—HEAD-LANDS OF CRUZ LAND—A FISHING PARTY—A COMPANY TRAVELING OVERLAND—AMONG THE SHARKS—KANAKA BILL—THE BRIDGE.

In comparing that portion of my manuscript journal devoted to Cruz Land with Mitchell's latest comprehensive atlas, and finding them to correspond so exactly in all the circumstantial and minor details that either might have had a copy from the other had Mitchell ever laid eyes on the journal, or Cosmo on Mitchell's atlas before publishing or writing the journal, I was most pleased to find that at least some other man than myself had found the features and characteristics of these Pacific atomic islands worth a record that might afford those who care to learn, and especially scholars in geography, a more extended and correct knowledge of such places than any previous publication has ever afforded.

Supposing Mitchell's modern atlas to be in the possession of several thousands of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I shall go on with the more confidence, future, so far as geographical positions are concerned, as if any one should say—"I don't know about this, Mr. Cosmo," my reply is—"There is our mutual friend Mr. Mitchell as an arbiter; you will believe him certainly." And now, if you please, let me take a last look at Maia-Tierra and leave it.

First, a few of its coast features that were passed by in our hurry to learn something of its internal structure, productions, &c. In circumnavigating the island, keeping the land well aboard, as sailors say, Cruz Land assumes an entirely different appearance from that which it puts on at a few miles distant. Instead of being the regular trunk, or leaf-shaped bit of land it appears ten miles away, it becomes in its shores a rough, ragged boat, the long log lying to the southward, and the great, disproportioned foot lying S. W. and N. E. with the toe to the eastward, the heel knocked off and worn round, and the whole structure wrinkled and knobbed at intervals deeply indented.

The point of the toe to the eastward is the More Head. Then going westward, we come to a rounded, projecting point, called Cape Bacato, and between these two head lands is situated Cumberland Bay, which Mr. Doton called a "little cow," running up into the land. At the bottom of the bay is located Cross's Cave, and on the western head land, three quarters of a mile distant, is the fort and village established by the Chilean government during the penal period. The heel of the boot is Punta Salinas, half way up the calf of the leg is Point San Juan—square of the top of the boot lies Baja Santa Clara, a little low inlet once connected with the larger island, but separated now by a shoal water channel of sufficient depth for a vessel drawing fifteen feet of water, but as the passage is full of ledges and shoal places it is always safest to go round Santa Clara. Having turned the top of the boot we come first to Point Higgins, and standing on to the northward, we find in the inner a rather prominent projection, which is Chameles Point, which concludes the list of head lands, the shore running thence to the toe of the boot—More Head, in a straight, unbroken line.

As I have already remarked in another place, Maia-Tierra abounds with fish all around its eastern coast. Indeed, it seems to be the favorite haunt or rendezvous for all the various fish families of the Pacific, in numbers as great as can conveniently crowd into the neighborhood. Some of the seals follow expecially innoelegant neighbors and companions to other members of the fusty inhabitants, as well as now and then to humanity. We had one day an exhibition of obnoxious fish officiosus that for a little while made one of the main features of a most thrilling incident, ending in a laughable comedy, which but for a combination of fortuitous circumstances would have resulted in a terrible tragedy. We had concluded our visit and explorations and were preparing to sail in company with the other ships as far as Mat-Puerto, where our consorts would part company with the Esmeraldas, they going on towards Honolulu, and we stopping to spend two or three days with the local, docile, unashamed sister of Cruz Land.

It was the afternoon before our departure, and having had our dinner on shore, in picnic fashion, we were all—every man and woman of us angling from the rocks on the eastern side of Cape Bacato, pulling up famous fish, providing a supply of fresh sea stores to come in conformity with our chickens, fresh pig, pork and kids. Of all our party the pretty Dora Pauleta, Capt. Wilmer's girl bride, was the only one who had not succeeded in shaking off pretty effectively our canine, feline and rodent acquaintances, so that they no longer interfered seriously with our free movements. Dora Pauleta had made no effort to discourage her four footed friends, on the contrary she petted and encouraged their companionship, until at that date, on the day before our departure, it is probable that Mrs. Pauleta Wilmer had a longer train of cats and dogs as constant followers than any woman in this world ever had before. Four of the dogs, bigger, better looking and more respectable curs than any of their fellows, had attached themselves to the lady as an especial guard of honor, and it was both amusing and instructive to see how readily whenever Dora Pauleta drew on a fine fish, one or another of the saugacious fellows would pounce upon it and draw it back beyond danger of its snapping itself round again in its death throes. The only objectionable feature of their solicitous service was that occasionally one of them would dive off a rock in a way that was utterly impossible for the victim ever to get into the water again, unless the dog should go with it. And they did at length—all four of them together and several others who were not dogs but were sharks.

Mr. Cosmo emphatically, "Postpone," and "spare me take money, no possibly kill no more curs."

But the grateful girl, and married damsies, brides and all, would have a huge and half-a-dozen kinds of the hideous, dusky stony all round, at which Bill looked sly, saying—

"He likes kites plenty. Sweethearts—bill—Wah-ho—much pain land. Ladies bigger be good. More good kites he's here. No bites."

The words were emphatically "working" words. Napoleon's little speech at Antwerp cost the Empire, according to Mr. Leake Ferrier, two thousand millions of francs in two days, in the depression it commenced of French securities and of foreign securities held by Frenchmen.

The Secretary of State has published a paper from our legation at Stockholm on the mode of catching sharks on the coast of Norway. Interesting as the document is we will think that the information would be more important if it shed some light on the right mode of catching sharks nearer home.

An iron line is run up the side of those trees in public gardens which require constant watering in summer. Up this tube water is to be forced, so as to produce an artificial shower when needed.

"Of what we are formed?" exclaimed a pale-faced legislator to Dr. Franklin; "you cannot deny that they are often more empty things?" "Well, my friend, and so are barrels, but nevertheless they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

Night labor, in time, will destroy the student, for it is the marrow from his own bones which fills his lamp.

battering ram, thinking probably—if a dog over does think, to save the fish or friend—perhaps both; but instead sending the porpoise, two dogs, three brides and themselves as well, all rolling off the edge of the cliff together, and splash, splash, fourteen feet or so, down into the sea.

In a wink our handsome voyageur, Tosant, who always acted first and thought about it afterwards, plunged overboard, followed by O'Hara, five seconds later, by Miles Sanford, Pauleta's husband, then by Capt. Carter, Capt. Marston was just coming off from the Elementals with his whale boat after our fish, and was near enough to recognize his girl wife as one of the baptized brides, and instantly his boat was headed for the scene of disaster instead of the landing, towards which he had been steering.

There was no possibility of our rescuing any of our friends without ropes as we were, and the cliffs overhanging, and Sanford was supporting Eliza Estella, who was swimming crazily between O'Hara and H. Bond, while Dora Pauleta was held half out of water by Miles and Dr. Bond, who had quietly dropped overboard unnoticed. Thus the three brides would have been comfortably cured for until the arrival of the whale boat. But there was another death ten times more terrible than drowning menacing them all.

One of the dogs suddenly uttered a quick, sharp yell of agony—there was a rapid swirl of the water, a monstrous brown fin protruded above the surface—then the doomed dog disappeared, leaving a crimson tinge where he had been swimming, and in a moment we saw and comprehended all the horrors of the situation. The whole space about the swimmers was swarming with voracious sharks; many of them monsters of the white, shovel-nosed and man-eater species.

Like the alligator, the shark has a particular fondness for dogs, and having had a taste of their titbits and a smell of blood, the dogs would last them but a few moments, and then the turn of our friends would come. They were conscious of the terrible danger imminent, and were barking and splashing the water with all their might to intimidate the monsters. This succeeded for a few moments, but the last dog soon disappeared—the infernal sharks were gathering closer in a circle, hemming in their human victims. We drew in and held hard on our breath, silently invoking God's aid for our doomed friends—that of mortal arms could avail them nothing.

The suspense was awfully painful—the sharks were almost upon them. Suddenly we sent up a simultaneous ringing shout—almost a glad cheer. A dusky vision flashed up the slope from the direction of the boat landing. A dark, half-naked barbarian, scarcely taller than a full-grown ape, with immensely long arms, a great black head of long coarse, and jet black hair flying in the breeze, black, fleshy eyes, and such a set of teeth—gleaming almost from ear to ear in his hideous jaws, white as polished ivory.

Our Kanaka "shark killer," Kame-omai-ka, or English Bill Davis, a faithful Hashidai Islander, who had been five years with Capt. Marston, and who had found his highest happiness overboard among a school of man-eating, or shovel nosed sharks. Bill had been engaged in transporting our fish to the boat landing, and had seen the accident as he was coming up the slope.

Bill's earnest moans plenteously—Goo! kill twelve—figur.

The wild Kanaka marched a long-bladed knife from his belt, clenched it in his sharp, white scabbard and down per his head foremost, with a lunge, his hands locked above his head, but the instant he struck the water, out went his "slippers," and away he dashed under water like a fish. In ten seconds a huge shark-like shark leaped its length above the surface, his belly cracked open more than three feet and all the entrails were torn out. Instantly the other ravenous monsters set upon and began devouring their wounded fellow, and then Kame-omai-ka was master of the situation and revenging his Kanaka glory. Now and then the gleaming blade flashed above the surface, then a brief view of the shark's features or dusky arm, and almost as rapidly as one could count, one after another the dismembered morsels would leap out of water and fall back to become a prey to their ravening companions. Thus the brave Kanaka swam round and round, slashing, killing and keeping the sharks at bay until Capt. Marston came dashing up, and they were all drawn into the whale boat without other damage than a thorough dousing and a severe scare.

That accident wound up our fishing, and bidding Cruz Land adieu, we went on board the Esmeraldas, thankful that the almost tragedy had ended in a somewhat serious comedy.

There were liberal tenders of money to the Kanakas from all quarters, but Bill in his superstitious held back, and wouldn't have a cent.

"I like dollars machine," he said. "But spare me take money, no possibly kill no more curs."

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A correspondent asks why certain persons are so crazy as to insist that the blacks shall be included in the pool of society.

A Catch.

A fast young nobleman of Vienna, over head and ears in debt, and famous for his success with the fair sex, received recently a perfumed, rose-colored note, whose contents ran: "Sir, your agreeable face and figure have made such an impression on me, I earnestly desire to make your acquaintance. Come this evening to the Vienna Theatre. I have taken stall No. 78 in the parquette, and I have asked the ticket-seller to keep No. 79 for a gentleman who would ask for it, saying 'No. 79 forever.' I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you. EMMA." The dandy dressed himself in a most elegant manner, and as soon as the doors were opened he applied for "No. 79 forever," and received it. As the curtain rose, a gentleman came into the theatre and took the seat. As soon as he was at his ease he bent over and whispered in the dandy's ear: "I am a constable; I have been hunting for you these fifteen days gone unsuccessfully. Don't make a ridiculous scene here, for I tell you I have the warrant for your arrest in my pocket. If you will be quiet, you may hear the opera out." The fast man started wildly enough for a few moments, and then, seeing resistance utterly hopeless, he remained quiet until the end of the opera, when he followed the constable to the dock or jail.

Science and Fraud.

If swindlers were more familiar with science, frauds of a serious nature would indeed be frequent. Fancy, for example, a bill at three months' date, written in ink which completely disappears in as many weeks! Such a thing is not impossible. But a more possible fraud has been shown to the French Academy at one of its late sittings by a distinguished scientist. M. Fremy exhibited a diamond weighing about four grammes, which, under its ordinary condition, is slightly tinted yellow; but which, when submitted to a high temperature, assumes a rose tint, which it possesses for several days, only gradually being restored to its original hue. The diamond, which, at the time of exhibition, had the rose color, was kept in the cabinet of the Institute until the next meeting, when its original yellowish tint was restored. Now the price of an ordinary diamond of the weight we have mentioned would be about 60,000 francs; but, with the delicate rose tint, it would be worth three times as much! This peculiar change having been observed, it may be quite legitimate to ascertain if any other diamonds possess this chameleon-like accomplishment.

The Mammoth.

At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences a letter was received from M. de Baer, of St. Petersburg, in reference to the mammoth, still covered with its skin and hair, which had been discovered in the frozen soil of Arctic Siberia. This discovery had been made in 1864 by a Samoyede in the environs of Tax Bay, the eastern branch of the Gulf of Ost. The news only reached St. Petersburg toward the end

THE LETTERS.

Letters from my father's household, laid amid the sounding sea; Swift-winged messengers of gladness, bearing rest and peace to me; Father's calm and sacred counsel; Mother's large and shining tears; And my sister's brimming blessings Flung to me across the spheres.

O, the dear and loving letters! O, my childhood's thronging dreams! O, the ancient low-roofed cottage, With its quaint old oaken beams! O, the haunts among the meadows, And the moss-crowned garden seat, Where the scented apple blossoms Sweep in waves about my feet.

And I sit and muse upon it Till I seem to see it all; See the rich grape's purple clusters Dripping from the leafy wall; See the yellow peacock's tail; Breathe the breath of blessed flowers, Watch the steady house-clock marking All the pulses of the hour.

Father's hair is growing whiter, Mother's step is faster now; But the old arietta beauty Lingers yet on her moist brow, And the low sweet tones that thrilled me, And the lips I used to press, O, the years can never turn From their holy undercurrent.

And the flashing eyes of laughter, And the speech of merry mirth, And the rippling autumn ringlets Of our household's youngest born— Very gently they have descended To the glory and the grace Of a tranquil maiden, moving Thoughtfully amid the pines.

Letters from my father's household, laid amid the sounding sea; Swift-winged messengers of gladness, bearing rest and peace to me; Let the foaming world roar onward, Let the young children play, And the young bride clasp her husband; I am content to-day.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

CHAPTER VI.

Day after day passed on, Mrs. Cunningham revoked her mental emanation, and decided that her daughter-in-law's governess improved on acquaintance, and managed the children admirably.

"Margaret has been most fortunate in securing such a judicious person," said Mrs. Cunningham to Mr. Etheredge.

"Hem, yes," answered Mr. Etheredge, some what vaguely.

"Really, Richard, you should be less fastidious. You cannot meet with perfection."

"I don't expect it."

"You might at least be more considerate. I can see that Miss Linden is by no means at ease when you are near. Seriously, Richard, I'm somewhat half afraid of you myself."

Mr. Etheredge laughed.

"You have a way of piercing through one with your eyes."

"Have I, mother?"

"And then it is sometimes rather difficult to tell whether you are in jest or in earnest."

"Is it?"

"Then you are so logical."

"There is an old saying that it is well to know when to be silent."

"Now, I do not know in the least whether you mean anything or nothing by that speech, and we are going off our original topic, Miss Linden. You are very perplexing, Richard."

"I do not intend to be so, mother. But in what do wish me to agree with you as regards Miss Linden?—that she is very judicious, very suitable in every way, and that Margaret has been most fortunate in obtaining such a treasure? I shall be most happy to agree at your conclusion."

"But at present you are unable to do so? However, you must allow that the children are very fond of her."

"Yes, I assent to that most fully. Pearl is fascinated, and Charles devoted."

Mrs. Cunningham bowed her head satisfied. She was beginning to be fascinated herself, and did not care to have the castle she had been building up shaken in its foundations. Adriana's nervousness and coldness of manner the evening of her arrival were attributed to indifference, and she believed the governess was not at ease and not natural in her manner. To Mrs. Braddock it simply seemed that Adriana felt more at home, and more familiar with surroundings than ever.

Mr. Etheredge, however, was a deeper student of human nature than his mother or sister in law. He noticed a change, and noticed that if Adriana seemed more at ease, she was nevertheless more on her guard. He watched curiously, for he, like Adriana, sat on the eve of some drama wherein the plot was as present undeveloped. But he viewed it from a different stand-point, he was but a spectator whilst she was an interested performer. Mr. Etheredge's intentions were not lost upon Adriana, she perceived that he was aware of the change in her, and that he was observing all that passed. She knew that she was on her guard, and also knew that he knew it. In some ways it made it more difficult, in others more easy, for her to play out her part. She had learned how to bearing Charles Cunningham's presence with perfect composure, and she had learned without the moving of a muscle, nor even with a suspicion of pleasure, that to less than a cent, Mr. Braddock would be at Etheredge's court.

Long communing did she hold with herself in the silent wastes of the night whether now, at the eleventh hour, she could not retreat. Return! Was she beginning to be a coward? Would not return bring the feelings which Charles Cunningham might not have known? Might not have known? Could she do justice herself? She tried to do so because the argument forced the theory she wished to adopt that it was her right and dignified enough

to remain where she was. Consciousness in a moment shattered the fallacy, and whispered, "Go," but revenge stifled the whisper, and answered, "Stay!" and strong indomitable will chimed in with the response, and said, "I will stay, whatever the consequence; I am a free agent, and can choose. I see two paths, and I take my choice deliberately." So free-will conquered, and the warning voice was unheeded.

The struggle had commenced, right against wrong, the spirit against the flesh, the light against the darkness, the god-like against the devilish—the struggle that goes on in human souls for all ages, the old yet ever new struggle known, but by man's own individual experience. No tenets handed down relieve him from his discipline; it is the battle each must fight for himself, guided, the ordeal through which each one must pass alone, and woe to him to whom the fiery trial never comes. Alone, unassisted, as far as human help is concerned, for soul to soul is an impenetrable mystery, a secret inevitably kept, for it is a secret beyond the power of man to reveal.

And I sit and muse upon it Till I seem to see it all;

See the rich grape's purple clusters Dripping from the leafy wall;

See the yellow peacock's tail;

Breathe the breath of blessed flowers,

Watch the steady house-clock marking All the pulses of the hour.

Father's hair is growing whiter, Mother's step is faster now; But the old arietta beauty Lingers yet on her moist brow, And the low sweet tones that thrilled me, And the lips I used to press, O, the years can never turn From their holy undercurrent.

And the flashing eyes of laughter, And the speech of merry mirth, And the rippling autumn ringlets Of our household's youngest born— Very gently they have descended To the glory and the grace Of a tranquil maiden, moving Thoughtfully amid the pines.

Letters from my father's household, laid amid the sounding sea; Swift-winged messengers of gladness, bearing rest and peace to me; Let the foaming world roar onward, Let the young children play, And the young bride clasp her husband; I am content to-day.

—ADRIANA.

more open, and she felt a strong desire to look again on the picture. She had had no opportunity of looking at it since the day she had first seen it, though she had been many times in the room; but now Mr. Etheredge was with the children, and Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddock had just set off for a long drive, so that there was no fear of interruption.

A step outside, however, convinced her that such was not the case.

"I have soon been relieved of my charge, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge; "their grandmother insisted upon taking them off to Fallowfield. So you will have plenty of time to look at the books; you have not been reading much lately," returned Adriana, her color slightly rising.

"One is not always in the humor for reading," continued Mr. Etheredge.

"No," Adriana's hand was on a book.

"Is this your last study?" asked Mr. Etheredge, taking up the book. It was *"Vanity Fair."*

"No," again answered Adriana, vexed with herself for finding the monosyllable again capable of serving for an answer.

Mr. Etheredge seemed amused, and continued turning over the leaves. "Now," thought Adriana, "for a parergamy on that stupid Amelia. I may as well forestall it."

"I do not like Amelia, Mr. Etheredge."

"Neither do I."

"I should have thought you would have liked her."

"Why?"

Adriana had involved herself in a dilemma; she had, as was her usual custom, paraded the chain of thought in her own mind without considering whether it might lead.

"Why?" again asked Mr. Etheredge.

"Oh, I scarcely know. I was thinking of something. Amelia had so little sense."

"Is that an answer to my 'why' or a continuation of your assertion?"

"I thought you were of opinion that women ought to have no sense—at least, I thought you ought to sensible women."

"What is your idea of a sensible woman, Miss Linden?"

"A person who has ideas, and understands how to act upon them."

"Suppose the ideas are not available, to begin with—will she be a sensible woman who carries them out? Does the carrying out of the ideas redeem the idea?"

"But a sensible woman would of course have sensible ideas."

"Precisely, Miss Linden, but that does not define what constitutes a sensible woman. Sensible women," continued Mr. Etheredge, with a smile that somewhat annoyed Adriana, "must, I presume, be good logicians."

"I do not pretend to be a logician," began Adriana, then suddenly seeing the inference that might be drawn, she stopped.

Mr. Etheredge fairly laughed.

"Nay," said he, "I was not impugning your claims to sense. I was investigating the sensible idea with reasoning qualifications."

Adriana was annoyed.

"Reasoning from an ideal is somewhat theoretic."

"You prefer the deductive mode?" and again the amused gleam shone in Mr. Etheredge's eye.

"But, I beg your pardon, is there any model of the sensible woman that we can take?" He eyes as he spoke fell upon the book he still held in his hand; the leaves opened as he placed it on the table at a sketch of Becky Sharp. "Was Becky Sharp a sensible woman?"

"She had sense—yes, I suppose so," said Adriana, dreamily, "and—"

"Sensible women must be good tacticians, and carry out their plan at the expense of every one else, selfishness, then, is an eligible qualification."

"Mr. Etheredge?"

I was merrily drawing from the model before me.

There are twice as many causes to be made for Becky as for Amelia. Consider the way in which she was brought up, or rather not brought up; how she had to struggle for herself, with everything against her, think what she might have been, as she herself meditated; if everything had gone smoothly with her—perhaps as good as bad Jane of the circumstances had been created; I dislike people so obstinate when they have had to trudge, to persevere. People do not know what they are doing, and the time is past when the reverse is not the reverse of what they have as we intended. There are so many springs that govern men's actions, so many things that are hard to grapple with, so many undercurrents in the stream of conduct along, and so many that are carried beyond our depth, and—"

Here Adriana paused, for she became conscious that her audience was regarding her with a smile, and she knew that she had strayed away from the point in question.

"Beauvois addressed, arguing, Miss Linden—was away from the subject. Etheredge resumed—

"I have not told you with therefore I can be in an understanding. I suppose, however, you will be ready to admit that in the case of sensible women the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to prove the rule."

"I should not have sufficient courage to even suggest an opinion even if I had it," returned Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

Adriana was provoked. Mr. Etheredge's imperturbable manner annoyed her, he seemed to assume a calm superiority over her that was to a person of her temperament, irritating in the extreme. She had a terrible opinion of herself, and of her capacities; she lost her own power, she believed that she did not deserve them. She had a certain fondness for herself, in which she had boasted, and here was an entire reversal of her opinion. She could not bear that she was not as good as she had been. She was one who was modest, and yet now in the judgment of Beauvois she was upon Mr. Etheredge, there was that in his own peremptory eye that from the first hour, and there was a mingled authority and frankness in his manner that provoked the latter. Still there was an unconquerable yet decided antagonism between them. There was a repulsion that made her feel they were incompatible, each the reason for the other's want of success—each with a magnet in hand ready to attract the other.

Adriana made no reply to Mr. Etheredge's last remark, and he added nothing to it, but turned

to a table on which a large half-opened packet was lying, he said:—

"As you are fond of drawings, Miss Linden, perhaps you will help me to look over these Indian sketches of my brother's, and tell me which are worth keeping; they come by the last mail, and I am to use my discretion with regard to them, and I really know nothing about their merits."

"It does not always depend upon the absolute merit of a sketch whether one thinks it worth keeping. I am afraid I should be a poor adviser in the present case," answered Adriana, willing if possible to excuse herself from a task which brought up old memories to her mind, and made her more uncomfortable than ever under the penetrating glances of Mr. Etheredge.

"It's a struggle between us, I know that, missed Adriana, "one watching, one hiding; so far, I have the best of the fight, but the chances of war are always doubtful."

Mr. Etheredge had finished unfastening the packet—the first sketch lay before her.

"How beautiful! How wonderfully!"

She stopped "improved" was the word on her lips, but her surprise had not quite taken her off her guard. Charles Cunningham had, in days gone by, attempted sketches; but this drawing surpassed anything she could have expected.

"Wonderful what?" asked Mr. Etheredge.

"Pray tell me if there is any particular phase in which I am to look upon the picture? If you can help me to a few artistic techniques, I will make notes, and rise in my brother's opinion as a connoisseur."

"I know very little of technical terms. I know what a picture pleases me, and my eye tells me the difference between dabbing and well-harmonized coloring; but beyond that I must confess ignorance."

"The confession of ignorance is the beginning of knowledge."

"That depends upon circumstances."

"Glorious, but still it is a step, without the knowledge of ignorance man would be ever willing to remain ignorant."

"Ignorance is bliss," sometimes, or said he, "

"I do not believe it; besides your quotation is not a fair one—you have twisted it."

"But knowledge brings sorrow."

"Miss Linden, you really must study logic."

"Are you a good logician?"

"I have not confessed to being a sensible man yet," answered Mr. Etheredge, laughing.

"Nor I to being a sensible woman," said Adriana, coloring and blushing.

"Really?" said Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

"Not but that I approve of sensible women," said Adriana, collecting her forces for a defense.

"And I really believe, Mr. Etheredge, that women can be good and sometimes are excellent."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it."

Adriana was silent. Mr. Etheredge was an enigma; she almost thought him one of the most disagreeable people she had ever met. He had an extremely annoying way of making her feel she had been saying foolish things, and yet she knew that she had some strength. He could only prove it to her. That she was not in a fair way to do so at the present moment, she was fully aware, and therefore she took the earliest opportunity of leaving Mr. Etheredge to finish examining the Indian sketches by himself.

As Mr. Etheredge turned over the drawings, examining some more minutely than the rest, a folded paper slipped out from between them, and a faint, indistinct sketch dropped on the floor. Stooping to replace it, he glanced curiously at it. It was but a rough sketch, yet there was evidently something much more interesting to him in it than in the more elaborate pictures he gave a sort of surpassing much as Adriana had done in the library.

"How!" exclaimed Mr. Etheredge. It was not much of a speech, but the tone expressed a variety of sentiments. "Ha!" further explained Mr. Etheredge, he discovered on the back of the sketch, a date of some seven years ago. "I wonder who drew it. It is Charles, or, I think, he has some taste, but not talent enough for anything like this. Is it a likeness in a few strokes of the pencil, and not a bad one either kept time with the original or the original kept time with it. How in the world did it come into my possession?" Mr. Etheredge turned the drawing round and round—no effort, no inscription to elucidate. The large brown eyes looked steadily at him, clear and honest as the blue eyes of the girl that had answered more than once the keen scrutiny of the artist. "Art seems of a mystic drama," pondered he. "That there is a mystery a clear enough and instead of clearing it gets obscured in more perplexities. Fine literature towards the end of art. Patience doesn't understand it. There is a coining understanding that Miss Linden, I'd stake my life on her truth, was good pearl and leather, and the correspondence between us were kept a profound secret. We corresponded regularly for some time, but our letters very soon began to decrease in length and interest. Alfred was evidently absorbed in the study of art, music, and men of letters, and I was equally absorbed in preparations for my approaching marriage. The match was in every respect a good one, and I have never yet found cause to regret it. I am a sincere and true friend to her, and I have given her my heart, and she has given me her love."

"I was merrily drawing from the model before me," said Beauvois, addressing Adriana again.

"That night Adriana was roused from her dreamless slumbers. Charles was in a hunting fever, and the Indians were on the march.

"Luna, Luna, I want my Luna."

"No, not Adriana, no, better she worked the mooncandles."

"How, darling, darling! Luna is here."

"A further dream, no thoughts of me while he was sleeping, no, he must not be dead, for the sun does not rise over the dead."

"No, that she could have the power to leave him over the dead, he is living now. The father had given her death in life, might not the child more merciful give her peace in death?"

He was silent.

"How? A curious typographical error appeared in a newspaper recently. In giving an account of an American, it was said, "The dead man deserved a funeral." The dead man deserved a funeral."

"I am sure, Mr. Goldsmith, you have read every thing."

"Why, no, after working three months in a truck stable, I have not time to read."

"Lady Clara Verelle, my wife, has informed me that I am not the only sufferer from these vindictive attacks. Should their author ever attain, as he no doubt hoped, the dignity of the *Lovely Lady*, I trust that he will at least pay to the highest lady in the land the compliment of confiding his personal history to the *Lovely Lady*.

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THE JUNE DREAM.

A garden in the burning sun,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold.—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and sighing, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet rare nor flower seen,
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-flower rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadth of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeable range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what the heart is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering tree,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with crack and strain,
The sail is wet with sprayng rain;
But o'er the side one sees the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly yearning,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

O brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never built but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Smile with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like glow the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth has never part—
She fears the fish of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of these.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours,—
Regret her loving heart must bear,
But anguish has no portion there. W. S.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I had just come back from India with my family, after living there for several years; and my first occupation, after discussing my first breakfast in town, was to run carefully through the *Times* supplement, and pick out whatever advertisements had reference to country residences for sale or occupation. The advertisement which took my fancy more than any other, was one relating to a house named "Gledhill," situated in one of the Midland shires, and in the heart of a good hunting country. Next day, I ran down by train to have a look at the place. I found it to be a roomy red brick mansion, dating from the reign of the second George, and built after the mean and formal style of a period remarkable for its poverty of invention in other things besides architecture. It was, however, tolerably spacious within doors, and in excellent repair; moreover, as it stood within a small demesne of its own, and had a capital walled garden, with good stables and other offices, I thought that it would suit me very well for a few years to come; and I decided to inquire more fully respecting the terms of occupation, for the house was only to be let on lease, not sold. By the ancient man-servant who showed me over the place, I was referred to a certain Mr. Lomond, an inhabitant of the neighboring town, whom I naturally set down in my own mind as the agent for a new resident landlady.

The town was only a mile and a half away, and to every man, woman, and child in it, the name of Mr. Lomond seemed familiar. I was directed to a pretty little cottage in the outskirts, half-covered with honeysuckles and clematis, and, as I was about to knock at the door, Mr. Lomond himself came up, equipped with rod and basket, and having the hearty sunburnt look of a genuine laborer. "No common house-agent this, but a thorough gentleman," I said to myself.

After a few words of introduction, I stated the business that had brought me so far from home. "I hope you find the old place to your liking?" said Mr. Lomond. "Of course," he went on to say, "many of my country friends deprecate the letting of Gledhill at all, and urge upon me the propriety of living there myself. But what would you have? My income, thanks to the rogues of a person who shall be nameless, is far too limited to allow of my keeping up the old place as it was kept up by my father and grandfather, and by a dozen Lomonds before them. I could neither afford to run nor to receive company, as the Lomonds of Gledhill have been used to do, and being a bachelor, and a poor man without, it seems to me, a more sensible plan, to make a home for myself in this little cottage, which is my own property, and to enjoy my gun and rod for sport and exercise, leave some time with a longer lease that might enable me to remove my family, and take possession of the house at an early date."

I told him frankly, that from what I had seen of the house, I thought it would suit me very well, and that we entered upon the question of terms, which I found to be sufficiently reasonable, accordingly, I expressed my desire to have the preliminary arrangements concluded as quickly as possible. In order that I might be enabled to remove my family, and take possession of the house at an early date.

"You are not a bachelor, then, like myself?" said Mr. Lomond, with an inquiring smile.

"I have been a Bachelor these seven years," I replied; "and as my wife's health is somewhat delicate, and as the air of London does not suit her, I am anxious to get her down into the country as soon as possible."

Mr. Lomond did not answer for a moment or two, but drummed absentmindedly on the table with his fingers, and was evidently revolving some knotty point in his own mind.

"Before this matter is finally settled between us," he said at last, "there is one little favor that I must ask you to do for me; a very slight favor indeed."

"You have but to name it, Mr. Lomond."

"Don't go back home till to-morrow," he said earnestly. "Sleep to-night at Gledhill. Do bosom and wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that you are now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

"But my family will expect me home this evening," I said; "besides which, I cannot see in what way my sleeping a single night at Gledhill can affect my determination to become its tenant."

"You can telegraph to your family that you will not be home till to-morrow," said Mr. Lomond; "and as for the other point of my objection, all I can say is, that I have my reasons for wishing you to do as I ask you; my desire is based on no mere whim, and to-morrow I will tell you what those reasons are."

After some further conversation, I agreed to accede to Mr. Lomond's wish, which had an element of singularity about it that interested me in spite of myself. It was accordingly arranged that he should at once send off a special messenger to have dinner and a bed got ready for me at Gledhill, while I rambled about the town for an hour, and visited the ruins of the old abbey. Ten o'clock the following morning was named for our next meeting.

The autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue towards the old mansion. The same old man whom I had seen before answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Lomond had sent word that I was about to dine and sleep at Gledhill, and that everything was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold, the great door closed behind me with a dull crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my ancient guide, whom age and rheumatism had bent almost double, I crossed the desolate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suite of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my service. How chill and cheerless every thing looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glamour of sunshine rested no longer on the place, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home, and already, in my secret mind, I half regretted my facile eagerness in so hasty a resolution, without further experience, this worn-out old mansion, tenanted, doubtless, by the ghosts of a hundred dead and gone to us, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The two rooms set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style, but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant three years before, they had been left as they were, and not made ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who, either by their own wish, or that of Mr. Lomond, might decide to pass a night at Gledhill, and that three or four would be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Lomond's suggestion than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Lomond's claret, and being possessed in some measure by the demon of care, I took my cigar, and strayed along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the mirthlessness was now playing a gloomy game of hide-and-seek. It was uncarpeted, and destitute of furniture, and the carpetless floor creaked and groaned beneath my feet, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted was a small balcony, below which stretched a vast expanse of lawn, where there and there was a gay bunch of flowers, the whole being shot through by a clump of sombre fir. I have said that the room was destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of a more prosperous days, in the shape of a man's portrait, which still hung over the mantel-piece, as it had hung for half a century or more. When I became aware of this fact, I selected one of the candles out of my sitting room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue towards the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive but for a vague, repulsive something—a hint of something right and wrong, which the artist had caught in his artful smile, which had died out of his features, and had faded on the canvas for ever. It may have been something in the better taste of the countenance that taught me to give a sadness to my present preceptor friend, Mr. Lomond; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhill.

The fatigues of the day, and the solitude to which I was condemned, drove me to bed at an early hour, but there was something about the picture of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out my light, and I remember hearing some such snore twice, while I was still desperately wide awake, but that is the last thing I do remember, and I suppose that I must have got off to sleep a few minutes later, while still in the act of reverie, that led to sleep there was for me an impossibility. Whether I had slept for hours or for minutes only, when I awoke up in the world of dreams, is a point on which I can offer no opinion. I awoke to that consciousness which is possessed by dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life, but throughout the strange wild dreams that followed, I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousnesses of a spectator, without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my own dreams; I was merely the witness of certain imaginary occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and I was power-

less to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing room at Gladhill—I recognised it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fireplace. The walls, painted of a delicate sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Aubusson carpet covered the floor; and in the huge fireplace, a wood-fire that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, near the quantity-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Standard, with an open work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the bruised sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a large bookcase richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in brackets over the mantelpiece.

Seated at a little fancy table, was a girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently pre-occupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in sedate folds, utterly guileless of all modern modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact, but underlying this charm of regular features, there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by instinct, to the portrait over the fireplace. She had loosened the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of blue velvet. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a brooch, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would pull a few quick strokes into her embroidery, and then pause, with her hands in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a dreamy absent mood, out of which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as resolutely as before.

She was standing by the little table, smiling, trembling, and yet with tears half starting from her lids, while, kneeling on one knee, was covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"O Varrel, you try me almost beyond my strength," she murmured. "But I cannot, I dare not do as you wish. You know not my father as well as I do. He would seek me out and kill me—and you too, and you, too, Derwent! wherever we might be. His vengeance would be terrible and pitiless."

"Timid little pose!" he said, half scowling, as he rose and encircled her waist with his arm. "Am I not competent to protect thee against the world? Fear nothing. For this house of bondage, for this stagnation of heart and soul, I will give thee life, light, and love. Thou shalt change this."

"Hush!" exclaimed Lenore suddenly with a smothered shriek. "I hear my father's footfall on the stairs. To the window, Varrel, or you are lost."

One hasty kiss, and then Varrel dashed aside the curtain, and sprang to the window, only to fall back next moment into the room like a man struck in the dark. "A thousand devils! I have been betrayed," he exclaimed. "The rascal is a gue, and I see the figure of men moving about the lawn. Lenore, you must hide me!"

"Too late!" she sobbed.

They both stood for a moment as though changed to stone, while the footsteps came with a heavy tramp along the echoing corridor, and halted outside the door. The eyes of Lenore and Varrel turned instinctively to the dog-bench, and they saw it move as it was tried from the other side, but the door was still locked.

"Open, Lenore—it is I," said a stern voice from without, and the summons was emphasised by a heavy blow on the panel of the door.

"Varrel, I dare not die!" said Lenore in an agonised whisper. "Hide yourself behind the curtains; perhaps he may not know of your presence here; and when he shall have gone to his own room, we must plan your escape. Hush! not a word. Hide! hide!"

"Why this folly of locked doors?" said he who now came in. "Am I to be barred out of my own room by a child like you?"

"The night was so dark, and—and I felt so lonely, and—"

"And—you did not expect your father back so soon?" he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-faced wench?"

"Indeed, papa," he said, shaking the trembling Lenore.

"Don't prevaricate, girl!" he said with a savage stamp of the foot. "Come, now, you will tell me next that you have had no visitors—ah!"

"Indeed, papa," said Lenore with painful eagerness.

"Hush! quite alone ever since I left home this afternoon?"

"Quite alone, papa."

A faint dash of color was coming back into her cheeks by this time, she began, perhaps, to hope that after all this questioning her suspicions would be allayed, and he would go to his own room. If such were the case, his next words must have underscored her treachery.

"You—he—he—you lie!" he said, in a voice whose sternness was not without a tremble in it, and in which there was no trace of the elaboration of art, and he was clean-shaven, except for a short whisker that terminated half-way down his chin. He wore a blue coat with gold buttons, swallow-tail, short in the waist, and high-collared. His waistcoat was light yellow, so pale, creased with a small black stripe, a large seal-deepened from the fob of his black waist-coat and the Hessian boots in which his legs extremities were encased, were pointed to a marvellous degree of brilliancy. His cravat, white and unbraided, and tied with a large knot, was made of fine soft muslin, and the fitted bosom of the shirt had been carefully creased by conscientious feminine fingers. In this tilt he wore a small cluster of brilliants; while a large signet-ring, a genuine antique, decorated the first finger of his right hand.

Such was the appearance of Sir Derwent Varrel, and absurd as a costume like this would be on the classic flags of Bond street or St. James's, it yet became the bond admiral, while he in return cast a sly glance at the curtain, behind which he was concealed, and, after a short pause, he stepped forward, and, upon the instant, the two men stood eyeing each other in silence. Lenore, with a piffling cry, fell at her father's feet, but he passed her no more than when she had been a stow.

In the father of Lenore I beheld the original of the picture over the drawing-room mantelpiece; only a few years older and more grizzled, and his features more deeply marked with the ravings of Time's oblique than in his portrait. He had on a sort of military undress suit, with a pair of heavy riding-boots and spurs, and a short, heavy whip.

"Gard's voice, monsieur!" cried Colonel Lomond as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them would seek for mercy from the other. Both of them were callous scoundrels, but Sir Derwent had the advantages of youth and agility on his side, and he pursued the colonel hardy, with this keeping up his dangerous wary, but less himself compelled to retreat step by step before the desperate lunges of his antagonist.

The clash of the swords seemed to reverberate from the steeper hills which she had failed.

Her hands pressed to her temples, and with gazing eyes, that followed every movement of the combatants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dispel for ever.

With the same mingled look of horror and uneasiness on her face, she watched the two men closing slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overcome by his more youthful antagonist.

The rapier clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surfaces, as they struck each other, and beat and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the shaggy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot

where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in there, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off, an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dexterous stroke, which cut the colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, clasped her father's danger;

and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand, she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew most follow; and the sound of Varrel, clasped at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire

"You are aware, sir," he resumed, "that I love your daughter; that several months ago I would fain have made her my wife; and that your consent alone was wanting to such a union."

"Precisely so," said Colonel Lomond, in the intent of tenses, as he balanced the handle of his riding-whip between his thumb and finger.

"You might prevent our marriage, sir, but you could not keep us from loving one another," said Sir Derwent, proudly.

"In other words, my daughter had still sufficient respect left for me to refuse to wed you without my consent; but you had not sufficient respect for her to refrain from using your influence over her weak girl's will to induce her to despise her father, and to consent to nocturnal assignations with a libertine like yourself."

"The word is saluted in coming from such lips as yours. You and I, Sir Derwent Varrel, had high words together six months ago, and I told you then that I would rather see my daughter lying in her coffin than wedded to such a one as you; and those words I repeat again to-night. Come bither, girl," he added, seating Lenore roughly by the wrist, "come hither, and chances at once and forever between me and this man, who has taught thee to lie to thy father. What do I say? Nay, there can be no shame between such as this man and me. I tell thee, girl, that thy ignorance cannot fathom the depths of such iniquity as his. A gambler on deeply tainted in society, a libertine onила, that to couple a woman with him is a passport to infamy; a sharper and blackleg, who has been twice hoisted off the Newmarket course; a bankrupt so desperately involved that only by a wealthy marriage—with such a one, for example, as the heiress of Gledhill—can he hope, even partially, to retrieve his fortunes."

"Hard words, Coligny-Lomond, very hard words," said Sir Derwent, disdainfully; "but I am happy to think, utterly incapable of proof."

"Hard words! ay, hard enough to have moved an innocent man to righteous anger, but not, as it seems, to batter thy now-beating pulses over so family; and that because thou knowest them to be true. Proof! Here's one out of a dozen. Who lured sweet Mary Doris from her home in yester valley, and hid her away in London past the finding of her friends? Who held the simple village beauty lightly for a month or two, and then discarded her to starve or die as she might think best? Who but you, Sir Derwent Varrel, unless this letter also lies—a letter signed with your name, and found in the poor child's pocket when she lay with white starting face and dropping hair in the dead house by the river. And now it is my daughter thou seekest to estrange!"

As Colonel Lomond drew from his pocket the letter of which he had been speaking, Lenore, with a low cry of anguish, sank fainting to the floor; and the horror-stricken Varrel reeled backward like one suddenly stabbed.

"Heptice! it is time the score between us were settled," said Colonel Lomond with a venomous ferocity of tone. "Only one of us two must leave this room alive."

"I cannot—I dare not fight with you," murmured Varrel.

"On, on! do not think to escape me that you refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of upwards." And with that the heavy thong of Colonel Lomond's riding-whip whistled through the air, and came down on Varrel's neck and shoulders twice, twisting round his face on the second occasion, and leaving a thin, vivid wheel across his cheek where it had cut into the flesh. Varrel's first impulse was to shrink backward with a mingled cry of rage and pain; but the next instant he clutched with the colonel, and wrenching the whip from his hands, flung it to the other end of the room.

"Give me a sword—a pistol—a weapon of any kind!" he cried hoarsely. "This vile treatment shoves me from all consequences. Colonel Lomond, your blood is upon your own head!"

The colonel smiled sneakingly on him. "Well spoken," he said, "only that you express yourself somewhat after the *Farois* fashion. Your cry to arms is worthy of all praise, and I hasten to comply with it. In this cabinet, sir, are a couple of pretty playthings as ever gladdened the eyes of a gentleman. *Voilà!* they are both alike in every particular. The choice is yours!"

Varrel's fingers closed over the hilt of one of the rapiers thus presented to him; and while he tried its edge and temper, by running his finger along and thumb appreciatively along its length, and bending its point back nearly to the hilt, Colonel Lomond disengaged himself of the curtains, over which he was enveloped; and next minute the two men faced each other.

"Gard's voice, monsieur!" cried Colonel Lomond as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them would seek for mercy from the other.

Both of them were callous scoundrels,

and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand, she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew most follow; and the sound of Varrel, clasped at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire

of vengeance could lead to such a thrust, passed instant through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—kiss—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips; she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond pressed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there for a little while, sweet foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-crushed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, sir," said the colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Durward.

"Revenge—my daughter's death!" said Lomond gloomily.

"Her death was a pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before, I say again—only one of us shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols; one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes, that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke, we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his skin face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lomond; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Friend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded for ever as a coward and a rogue!"

Sir Durward wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Cousin!" said Colonel Lomond as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant which to pick, and Lomond snarled grimly. No fresh arrangement of positions was necessary because being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lomond's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside in the first fit of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood there, freezing what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lomond's haggard cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath, while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deadly brooding stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silver bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A soft, a report, and a gust of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Durward Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

"He perishes a thorough scoundrel," said Colonel Lomond as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and showed a very lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing robe, standing in the entrance. From the movements of her hands, you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Hark! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

"A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Please return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And I'm sorry," said the old lady plaintively, "why has not Louise been to kiss me, and say good-night?" Has the child gone to bed?"

"Louise is asleep, mother," said the colonel in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady. "She never forgot me before," and with that she turned and went slowly away, grasping with her hands before her, and the colonel falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so real it made like a part of my real personal experience, that the sleep left off, and my mind was not likely to be shaken off. Lomond's last cry as the thing between me and his father's arms, the vision of a son and Lomond in angry dispute, remained still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must benefit to me as a part of my own life. Impeded by some vague thought which I could not rest, I quitted my bedsheet, and wandered, half dressed, into the great French drawing room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghastly splendor of the moonlight filled it so bright. It was so cool, dark, and silent as some vast tomb. As I stood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley, rattled the windows of the old mansion, and what seemed like a low responsive sigh came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so human, so plaintive, and that with a thrill and a shudder, I stepped backward, and shut the door.

I was very glad when the o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream—and I may now tell you, sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Greenwich, and never afterwards, and that Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has been over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within those walls. You will see understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Greenwich before finally deciding that you would take

the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would surely have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I thanked Mr. Lomond warmly for his conscientiousness in the matter, but decided that it would be unwise to subject my wife to such a trial.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Lomond with a smile as I parted from him at the door, "I do not despair of finding a tenant for the house, one of these fine days, whose nervous system bids defiance to ghostly company."

Indeed, last summer, travelling down that way, I made inquiry of the stationmaster, and was glad to learn that Gledhill had at last found an occupant in the person of a wealthy but eccentric bachelor of botanical pursuits; and further, that Mr. Lomond himself was as pale and hearty as ever.

Felling Trees by Fire.

The idea of burning down a tree six or eight feet in diameter, and solid and green, would have seemed to me as simply absurd and ridiculous. But the thing is done in Oregon every day, at a vast saving of time and labor. The operation is done in the winter. A hole is bored into the tree horizontally, the nearer the centre the better. Then directly under this hole another is bored at an angle of elevation, so that the holes meet together near the centre of the tree. A coal of fire is introduced into the notch; Unexposed by care, or carking thistled gold for gold; In close retirement, each exceeding year. Billed on, unmarked by doubt, or hope, or fear. Or, with his spaniel, whilst the time away.

Yet he was kind—the beggar knew his door,

And starving children blessed him o'er and o'er.

The neighbour proudly claimed for their own,

Till "bon jour! Monsieur!" seemed no longer tone.

Thus peacefully the worthy man grew old,

Unexposed by care, or carking thistled gold for gold;

In close retirement, each exceeding year.

Billed on, unmarked by doubt, or hope, or fear.

Or, with his spaniel, whilst the time away.

How much our friend withdrew from public view,

Resolved to tease him, merely out of fun,

And thus the plot mischievously began.

One night, when Monsieur had retired to rest,

A rousing knock his slumbers deep distressed.

He rubbed his eyes, "Mon dieu! what are we here?"

Whoo-hoo! dat!" he stumbled in suspense and fear.

No answer came—but soon another blow

Rang at the door to summon him to go.

With an iron step he sloc descends the stairs,

In his unsteady hand the candle flares—

Through the long hall he drags unwilling feet,

And, dozing, opens the door into the street.

I ask your pardon, sir, for much I fear

I have disturbed your nap by coming here,

"Is Mr. Thompson's lodgings somewhere near here?"

"No, sir, are Monsieur Tonson in the place,

I'll tell you so—I never see him face.

My friend, pardonnez-moi, I shan't do done—

You break my sleep—I go to get some more."

A week had not passed by—again, a knock

At midnight, roused him like an earthquake

shock.

Again the poor old Frenchman groans his way,

By the dim beams that round his lantern play;

Trembling and pale, he shivers as he goes,

"Ma foi! who come here? do dead only know!"

With faltering hand he drew the bolt aside,

When a sharp voice in ringing accents cried,

"Eh, sir, will you inform me, if you can, Where I can find a certain little man?

His name is Thompson, if I give you right,

And I must know his whereabouts to-night."

It is suggested in the London *Chemist and Druggist* that chloroform is an excellent fumigant for the removal of stains of paint from clothes, &c. It is found that portions of dry white paint which resisted the action of ether, benzene and sulphur of carbon, are at once dissolved by chloroform.

Richard T. Morris, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., has a small that weighs seventeen hundred and twenty pounds. His shoes appear as though they would cover a peak measure, and his strength is in proportion to his size. He is but eight years old, and has gained two hundred pounds in a year and a half.

A young lad from the country, whose only idea of the metropolitan police was gathered from the newspapers, recently came on a visit to New York, and found himself at one of the crossings near the City Hall. Frightened by the number, rapidity, and noise of the vehicles that were passing up and down, she stood trembling in great distress, when one of the gallant policemen politely stepped forward to escort her across. But no sooner had he touched her elbow, than with a piercing shriek she shrugs from under his hand, cleared the crossing at most at a bound, and examined a terrible sore across. But no sooner had he touched her elbow, than with a piercing shriek she shrugs from under his hand, cleared the crossing at most at a bound, and examined a terrible sore across.

Cutting off a sprig of flowers is done by suspending it or repeatingly dipping them in water saturated with alum. This however can be done only with dried specimens. The freshness and beauty of flowers can be preserved by dipping them in chlorine.

Dr. Johnson used to say that there were more things worth seeing in the world, but very few worth going to see. So do I believe that numerous as must be the things good to see, there are none more going to the successive dinner party—for I find great value in the thought that if you went there would meet me across."

We have recently heard of a man who obtained a box of竺洲 on the ground that his wife was extramarital. Speculation.—He used better for shortening. This is about equal to the man who complained of his designer's extravagance because he persisted in buying a waterfall for her head when she already had a cataract in her eye. He couldn't breed that.

A Poor Servant.—An unfortunate young man is searching everywhere for his sweetheart, who was recently carried away by her feelings.

Every time thought should be aimed

upon a valuable acquisition to society which cannot possibly turn or obstruct the good effects of any other man whatsoever. For after all partake of one common source, and necessarily coincide with each other, and like the drops of rain which fall separated into the river and themselves of themselves with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

Mr. Wm. H. Hoyt, of Worcester, Mass.

is drawing off his boots placed the toe of one of them under the opposite leg and in the attempt to get the toe off, the right leg was broken just above the knee.

Two other—said quite over hearing loud, covering all nature with a noisy chime,

Woe!—and I am sure it is a woe indeed.

He had been riding over the pavement stone.

First one comes.—the valiant horse proved

himself to be a bad boy, and a few hours after

Woe! to the woe!—The said said supplies the place of a woe, by crowding the entire surface of society, so that nothing but a good punch is afterwards needed. It is stated that the present horse is a good woe, while poor poor poor is above it. The mode of sharpening may be used with advantage for any kind of edge tools.

Woe! to the woe!—and a woe!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

Very Sharp Widow.

The Amador (California) Ledger tells the subjoined:—"A short time ago a widow lady, residing in a village not a thousand miles from here, put her house up at a raffle, and very soon disposed of the tickets, all feeling disposed to assist her. The evening arrived for the raffle to come off, and the house was won by a gentleman who thought himself fortunate in obtaining a homeedness so cheap. The next day he applied for possession, and a file to the property. What was his surprise when he was coolly informed that it was unnecessary to give any written title to the house—that there it was, and to take it; and the sooner the better, as she was anxious to build another on the spot where it stood. The winner discovered that he had drawn an elephant—he had a house, but no lot."

"In the game of life, men frequently play the knave, and women the dupe.

JULES JAKED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the moist, lath and grained skin both the color and texture of healthily polished ivory. It is used by the most really refined and elegant ladies. It quickly and effectively removes all marks of age, appearing as freckles, tan or morpheus, and is especially useful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Mademoiselle Vestal, Mrs. D. P. Bowes, Lucille La Verne, Mrs. C. A. Smith, and many others in private life acknowledge its harmonizing and attractiveness. Urmah is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that inflict the face with a dark, sallow complexion. Testi St. Philadelphia. Orders by mail should be addressed to JULES JAKED, Philadelphia, General Agents.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We have often spoken of this great medicine in terms of very high praise, and we have as often felt that all we could say in its favor would not do it full justice. It is one of those medicines of which we can speak—and speak divinely from experience, for we have repeatedly taken it, and invariably with the best results and the greatest satisfaction. We always keep it hand, ready for an emergency, and we regard it not only as one of the very best and most reliable medicines in use for various ills, but as one of the cheapest also. At cost, for the way—that is the cost of some of the imported ingredients of which it is composed—has been considerably increased since the commencement of the war, but the price of the medicine has been but very little advanced. It is not likely that the popularity of Davis' Pain Killer will in any measure decrease or that the demand for it will in the slightest degree decline, until some other specific for alleviating pain and curing the various complaints for which it is generally used, shall be discovered of equal potency with it—which there seems to be little probability of this time. As a remedy for stomach complaints, such as dyspepsia, diarrhea, etc., the Pain Killer is without doubt unsurpassed, and everywhere most deservedly in demand. One, two, or three doses—of not more than half a teaspoonful each, to a wine-glass of water or milk, with a little sugar—have repeatedly, within our knowledge, effectually cured serious trouble of this kind. Judgment should undoubtedly be used in not checking certain stages of diarrhea too suddenly, but taken at the proper time, the Pain Killer will set like a charm, and frequently cure when nothing else will.—*Philadelphia Advertiser*.

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

The most
London Reliable Hair
London
London
London
London
London
For Restoring Gray Hair and Preserving Hair.

Over 20 years a better hair tonic. See Dr. SWAYNE'S 230 North Washington Street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, my-sell-out!

MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exercise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his tangible fight would not have become a matter of history.

WAGNER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.

This establishment, located at the southeast corner of South and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia, and no other place where men have made their houses deservedly popular. In their Costume department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the work is done in such a manner as to select from among every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to communicate with us, so that they can be sent with out difficulty.

MEN AND FREDERICKS.

Ladies afflicted with Diarrhoea on the Face called molt patches or Fredericks should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is invaluable. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price 50c.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The ulcers, acne, etc., which arises from impure blood or other constitutional disorders frequently defying medical treatment, may be easily removed. Numerous preparations advertised under the head of cosmetics, drive the disease inward and peril life, while these remedies are really safe and efficacious in a radical cure. Sold everywhere.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Mansfield, Mr. George W. Bagshaw to Miss Kate L. Jason, both of this city.

On the 14th of May, by the Rev. Wm. D. Wood, Vicar-General Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Isabella Roman, daughter of Rev. Robert E. Roman, of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McNeely, Mr. James J. Miller to Miss Anna S. Jaffrey, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. V. Vaughan Smith, Mr. Charles Cawelti to Miss Mary Brown, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. P. Coomey, Mr. Charles E. Sharpe to Miss Charlotte Powers, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notice of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, John W. Chittenden, in his 22d year.

On the 19th instant, Remond Meffin, in his 23d year.

On the 19th instant, Edward Farnham, in his 60d year.

On the 19th instant, Mr. William H. Hopper, in his 26th year.

On the 19th instant, Thomas J. Kane, in his 29th year.

On the 19th instant, Mr. Elizabeth Disher, in her 60th year.

On the 19th instant, Mr. James Burt, in his 26th year.

On the 19th instant, Mr. William W. Palmer, in his 52d year.

On the 19th instant, William J. Chandler, in his 51st year.

S-T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.

They create a healthy appetite, and remove all signs of debility, weakness and disease. They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours. They strengthen the system and enliven the mind. They prevent premature and intermittent fevers.

They cure Diseases, Complaints and Troubles.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the skin smooth, clear and elastic, and give greater elasticity. They are made of pure St. Croix Root, the celebrated Canseca Bark roots, hellebore and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage without realizing any disagreeable taste.

They are a specific for the cure of bilious complaints, dyspepsia, dropsy, headache and sciatica.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Misplaced Confidence.

A laughable incident, illustrating the uncertainty of mankind in general, and the Mexican man in particular, occurred recently, says the Río Grande (Cal.) Herald. Levi Grub, well known as a driver of the overland stage on the route east of this city, was endeavoring to catch a mustang colt, on the hills lying between the Fourth Ward and the summit, and, after repeated attempts to lasso the animal, he was on the point of giving it up, when he observed a Mexican quickly looking on. Thinking he was just the man he rode up to him, and offered him five dollars if he would catch the horse. It was a bargain. He dismounted from his favorite saddle and riding animal, and the Mexican vaulted lightly into his seat, and as he was riding off, Grub, perceiving that he had no spur to him, and, unfastening his girth, gave them to the Mexican, who attached them to his horse while in the saddle. Gathering his rifle in a coil in his right hand, which he raised gracefully above his head, he dashed the spurs into the flanks of the horse, who bounded off at a furious pace, after the vagabond mustang.

The colt galloped off at a lively pace up the hill to the southwest, the Mexican keeping adroitly in his rear; and when about three hundred yards off, the Mexican turned in his saddle, and raising his sombrero, he bowed politely to Grub, and then gave rein and spur to the horse, who bounded up the hill. To say that Grub was astonished, would faintly express his feeling. Like an experienced Job, he was a man of prompt action, and perceiving the situation in an instant, he hastily mounted a horse standing near, and gave chase to the faithless Mexican, and followed him over the hills and down through a cañon which opened into the Río Grande valley, along which he dashed for a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. A stern chase is a long chase. The Mexican was better mounted, and he was an accomplished rider, and Grub reluctantly gave up the unequal contest, saddened at the loss of his horse, and spurred and his confidence in man at one and the same time. He feels the loss of those keenly; but that he deliberately and unconsciously threw his spur after them, fills him with impulsive chagrin.

The Latest Music.

An amusing incident took place at a music store the other day, which is worth relating. A fast young woman, who was dressed more like one of our young Mississippi country lasses than a city belle, entered the store in question, and asked the salesman to show her the latest musical publications. The young clerk, mistaking her for a "grown-up," handed down for her inspection "Bon Bon," "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," and the "Old Army Coat."

"Are these the latest publications you have?" inquired the female.

"Yes, madam, these are the latest publications issued," responded the salesman.

"Do you know what I wish you would do with them?" replied the woman.

"Wrap them up for you, madam?" answered the clerk.

"No," said she, "I haven't time to take them now."

"I will do what you wish with them, madam," politely replied the young man.

"Well, then," she responded, "you may please this 'Old Army Coat' aside, and 'Annie Laurie' on it, give her 'The Last Rose of Summer' to use as she pleases, and pat off 'Bon Bon' to kissing her, and let them kiss away until I return."

Hannibal Apartments—An observing man who was recently traveling in a railroad train, noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, edging from their comfort, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. When near a certain town, the train passed through a long, dark bridge.

Among the clattering and rattling of the cars we heard a noise that sounded for all the world like the crooning of lips. Such hearty snarks started all the party. As we emerged into daylight, one of the Germans drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed:

"Well, I think dat is very bad bridge. I hears him crack one, two, three, four times."

The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip was silent and quiet.

New Music—One of our principal music publishers has engaged a number of leading composers to furnish him with a regular series of melodies of a domestic character, similar to several popular pieces already published, such as "Father Don't Draw Any Now," "Mother Is Coming Home Now," the likes of a few already fixed on are "Grandmother Ain't Got Any Stuff Now," "Uncle Joseph Didn't Go To Meeting Now," "Second Cousin Has Several Sons Now," etc., etc., to an unlimited extent.

Porkers—An interesting query in Texas was applied to by one of our Hay's rangers to extract the iron out of an Indian arrow he had found in his head, which had lodged for some time. "I extract 'em thin, stranger," said the would-be doctor, "because to do it would go right 'killing' ya, but I can give ya a hot or cold bath that will melt it in ya head."

Manufacture of Eyes.

We have gleaned the following curious details of the manufacture of false eyes in the city of Paris, from an exchange. The average cost per eye was over intended for the human head amount to four hundred. Paris appears to have the monopoly of this strange trade, which does not lead one to conclude that the population of that gay city is very over-refined.

Twenty manufacturers furnish the various parts, each of which gives employment to twenty workmen. English and American manufacturers have vainly endeavored to compete with the French artificers. "Do you see, sir?" remarked one of them, "not English, but Americans, Englishmen have not sufficient taste for the trade; their eyes are only good enough for stuffed animals." The trade is very remunerative. The said artificer receives one in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. His servant has but one eye, and if you want to see the effect of one of the eyes he hangs the bell and turns the eye in the wreathed servant's head, so that you may judge of the effect it will produce in your eye or that of your friend. His charges \$100, or \$120. For the poor there are



CLEVER!

MASTER JACK (after disputing obstinately the right of the company to charge for the animal at all).—"Well, I shall only pay half-fare for him, 'cause he's ever so much under twelve, you know, old fellow!"

second-hand visual organs, which have been worn by some cossack duke or nabob, and exchanged for a new one after twelve months' service. These are then sold to the poorer classes at a reduced price, or sent off to America, India, or the Sandwich Islands, where the colored races are not quite so fastidious as regards the match. One of the Emperor Napoleon's generals had three artificial eyes, and wrote to Paris to order one. The ocularist dexterized himself that a successful eye would secure for him one of the Hayton crosses, and devoted his utmost intelligence to the production of a *lot de deux*. Six months elapsed—a small box rescued him from Hay. A cross glittered in his imagination, when lo! to his horror, within the folds of cotton lay his original eye, accompanied by the following note:—"Sir.—The eye you forwarded me is of a tint that resembles that of the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the color of my country." The ocularist presented at once to the admiralty three ornate versions of the Hayton flag, and then manufactured a smaller and green eye, which he forwarded by the earliest opportunity.

Remarks on Eating.

Prof. Blot says it is a fact beyond all question that the intellectual and moral faculties of man are influenced in a large degree in their operations by those physical conditions which are dependent upon our food. Physiology proves that it is the contraction of the muscles that produce wrinkles; therefore, a person whose food is properly prepared will always appear younger and more beautiful than one who follows no scientific principles in his eating. Good food, properly prepared, will keep his muscles in order and elastic. Any one, male or female, young or old, starting with a good stomach, can eat readily and in good health with proper food. It is only necessary to select the kind required by the constitution, and prepare it judiciously. It is not what we eat that makes us fat, but what we digest. Bad food may bring temporary cleanliness, but not the permanence of good health. He agreed with the opinion expressed by Thomas Jefferson, as well as by a celebrated New York clergymen, that good things have been made by the Creator for good people. An other thing in food, it ought always to be prepared according to the age of the person for whom it is intended, and for the sex, as well as according to the climate and the season. In winter more fat matter is necessary to be eaten than at any other time of the year. In spring, greens which purify the blood and remove the bile occasioned by eating fatty substances in the winter. In winter we need more, in the spring we must get rid of it if we would be healthy. When warm or hot weather comes we must supply the wasted system by eating meat. Meat is better in summer than anything else. It is a great mistake to suppose that vegetables are the best for the stomach at this season of the year. He recommends roast beef for summer. Skim off the fat. Don't bring it to the table.

AGRICULTURAL.

Common's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BUTTER.

We have lately witnessed the most remarkable of scenes making for the Philadelphia market, and by observation experience have increased our interest in the human head amount to four hundred. Paris appears to have the monopoly of this strange trade, which does not lead one to conclude that the population of that gay city is very over-refined. Twenty manufacturers furnish the various parts, each of which gives employment to twenty workmen. English and American manufacturers have vainly endeavored to compete with the French artificers. "Do you see, sir?" remarked one of them, "not English, but Americans, Englishmen have not sufficient taste for the trade; their eyes are only good enough for stuffed animals." The trade is very remunerative. The said artificer receives one in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. His servant has but one eye, and if you want to see the effect of one of the eyes he hangs the bell and turns the eye in the wreathed servant's head, so that you may judge of the effect it will produce in your eye or that of your friend. His charges \$100, or \$120. For the poor there are

such cause, much more difficult to restore a vigorous and beautiful tone to the animal structure that has been impaired by exposure to the roasting rays of a midsummer's sun, so that drawing the balance in the previous study, we shall find the argument overwhelmingly in favor of pasture shade.

Our Home Products.

During the past week, spent in carefully canvassing a portion of the garden region of eastern Pennsylvania, we have found everywhere farm facts forty times more satisfactory than the thousand and three meadows, groves, dairy reports and depending properties put forth verbally and newspaperwise in favor of "wheat killed," "poor prospect for corn," "short crop," and all such crazy, wicked nonsense.

Of wheat, there was probably never more sown in all the region we traversed, and no man living ever saw the crop in finer condition or more promising for an abundant harvest. There may be vicissitudes that between this and the time of cutting, say a month hence, may possibly change the aspect of wheat affairs with us. But, as these are only possibilities, not a probability in sight, where is the sense or what the necessity for croaking?

Corn is ten days, perhaps two weeks, behind time. But it is all up, remarkably uniform, the last week of growing weather has hurried it forward wonderfully, and no drought intervening, the middle of July will see the corn in staves and promise quite up to its usual condition at that period in our best corn seasons. Of rice, there is an unusual breadth abroad; everywhere good, and an extraordinary harvest a fixed fact.

Oats have been held back, like corn, by our late, lagging spring, but they are coming forward famously now, never looked better, and no one ever saw more of them within the same limits. Hay, though short in stature, is almost universally uncommonly thickset, so that the promise is now that the crop will not be beyond a medium one in quantity, its superior quality will make it, on the whole, something above the average.

Of the fruit crop all the berries, both wild and cultivated, promise an abundant yield; all of cherries, though all of them will be a little late. Plums are already beginning to go down under the crescent curse of the "Little Turk," and as usual will amount to next to nothing. Peaches on all grafted trees are now on, the "natives" are nearly all bearing. There will be a good many peaches after all—pears a great many. Apples are distributed moderately over all the apple trees—in the aggregate, enough for the demand. If the balance of the country will contribute as liberally as eastern Pennsylvania, we shall have no bread or fruit famine this year.

RECIPE.

Hair Oil.

Fellow women, and men, too, listen please, while I say to you honestly and earnestly that at least we have something infinitely better for our hair, and heads as well, than the thousand and three neutrals indicated open to charlatans and quack pretenders. My experience has proved it beyond question so far as I am concerned. Please follow "copy," and if you shall find it fail, why, you have your old favorite to fall back upon. Don't you see?

Take half a dozen pods of the common red pepper, either green or dried, crust, but no pulvifer; put them in a wide-mouthed glass bottle holding a quart—a pickle bottle is just the thing. Fill the bottle nearly with glycerine—to be had at almost every drug store; during a week or ten days shake the contents occasionally, draw off the glycerine into successive jars, and it is ready for service. Apply precisely as you would any of the half oil, oil and water mixtures; or, if you prefer, to the scalp, and wash thoroughly down to the nape, and the application is completed. There is nothing in this to the skin or hair in the manner, while it cleanses and invigorates the hair, making it soft and glossy, and promotes its beautiful growth. It frees the scalp from scurvy, scales, and dandruff, and best of all, there is no scaling of houses, bed-dresses, towels, and pillow cases from the use of *Cannabis*. Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen, it is well worth a trial.

Scripture by Prof. Blot.

PROBLEMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 11, 23, 6, is an animal.

My 20, 14, 13, 21, 8, 16, 12, is a rank in the army.

My 13, 2, 1, 24, 18, is a man's name.

My 5, 9, 23, 6, 18, 24, is what we like when weary.

My 10, 16, 3, 17, 9, 25, is an instrument very useful to farmers.

My whole is the name of a distinguished Tennesseean, who participated in the war on the side of the Union.

WILL A. McFEE.

Gamble's Store, East Town.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am found in the mountain, but not in the hill; I dwell in the fountain, but not in the rill;

I am always in use, but never at work;

I love not the Moon, but dwell with the Turk;

Though seen in the beauty, I love not the poetry;

Am food of the country, but like not the city;

Though found in the bumble, I cling to the proud;

In the multitude often, but never with the crowd;

You may find me in language, although I am dumb;

I never speak, but always in rum;

I never am constant, yet you'll find me true;

To find out the riddle, I now leave to you.

Irvin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A noon there is of plural number,
Four to peace and tranquill slumber;
If any other noon you take,
By adding a you plural make;
But if an a you add to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And even what bitter was before.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons are on opposite sides of a wood 1,440 yards in circumference; they both start at the same time, and travel around the wood in the same direction—A at the rate of 54 yards in 3 minutes, and B at the rate of 33 yards in 1 minute. How many times will A have to go around the wood to overtake B?

MORGAN STEVENS.

ANSWER: An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose as eagle 160 miles due north of Philadelphia, a hawk 182 miles south of Philadelphia, and a pigeon of Philadelphia. They all commenced flying at the same time; the pigeon flew at 30 degrees rough, at a uniform rate of speed; the hawk flew directly towards the pigeon continually; the hawk flew at the rate of 60 miles an hour; the eagle flew at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and they both caught the pigeon at the same instant. Required—the nature of the curve described by the hawk and eagle; the hourly speed of the pigeon, and the distance each had flown when the pigeon was caught.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Pennsylvania, Pa.

ANSWER: An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a wooden cube nine inches in diameter. Required—the solidity of the greatest cube that can be whitened from it.

W. H. MORROW.

ANSWER: An answer is requested.

Catastrophe.

Why are gentlemen like chapter? Ans.—Because there is no living with them.
Why are ladies like chapter? Ans.—Because there is no living without them.
When rain falls down it never gets up again? Ans.—Of course it does, in new time.
What word is that which signifies a part of England, but without its first letter, the word of labor, without its second, anger, without its third, it becomes king in a foreign language? Ans.—Hire.
What would a spider do in a hurry do? Ans.—Take a fly and spin away.
Why is it probable that Moses wrote a big? Ans.—Because he was sometimes seen with Aaron (hair on) and sometimes without.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—John Greenleaf Whittier ENIGMA.—Urged we stand, divided we fall. DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Transports—Kingpins.

1. T. orange E.
2. K. olive M.
3. A. oil I.
4. S. wine G.
5. S. lemon E.
6. P. ink A.
7. O. eggs N.
8. R. rice T.
9. T. lime S.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM of March 10—Each side of the box 17 inches, and the box will hold 33 bushels, 1 quart and 1 pint of grain, leaving yet an empty space of 74 cubic inches.

ANSWER: A church in Baltimore has its motto upon the inner wall, "To the poor the Gospel is presented." One morning these words were painted under it, "Not here, though."

Pump is such a thorough tosser that he dares or he would rather have a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.